

Seeing the Elephant"

Colorado Gold Rush drummer, his
goods helter-skeltered along spooked horses.

Hours to gather up (as God might say).
At the saloon they say "Weren't you mad?"
"Of course not! I saw the elephant!"

It becomes the text to underscore and
explain the madness of the murders, the
starving, the gamblers, the whores.

And when the hard luck husks all went home,
broke, tubercular, spitting blood, just short
of the real gathering up. How bad was it?
They'd ask in sensible Indiana.
Wonderful because I saw the elephant.